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WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM

JULIA R. GALLOWAY

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When the Lilacs Bloom

and Other Poems

By

JULIA R. GALLOWAY

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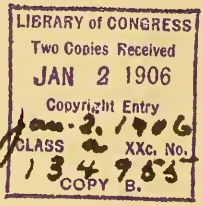

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To the dear ones at home —
and a host of kind friends.

DEDICATION

Along Life's rough and rugged way
We've traveled far together;
We've braved full many a Wintry storm
And shared the pleasant weather.
You've been to me a prop and stay
In days of joy and gladness;
And sung with me Life's Roundelay
In days of joy and gladness.
And so for many a helpful word,
And many a cheering look,
I dedicate to you, my friends,
This humble little book.

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WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM

I would give the world, were it mine today,
To tread once more the lonely way,
Down the lane, through the meadow bars,
Where the dew drops glistened beneath the stars;
To climb once more up the winding stair
To the loft above with its rafters bare,
And lay me down in the old back room,
When the Springtime comes and the Lilacs bloom.

Oh sweet was my sleep on the trundle bed,
While the stars peeped in through the roof o'er head,
And every breath of the April breeze
Wafted the snow from the orchard trees
Over my open window sill,
And my heart would leap and my pulses thrill,
When I'd catch a breath of the sweet perfume
That came from the purple Lilac's bloom.

The old bush stood by the garden wall,
And under its branches green and tall,
The Bluebird came with his mate in Spring,
And sheltered her 'neath his downy wing,
While the Robin, perched on a branch above,
Poured to the sky his song of love,
And the Oriole paused to rest and plume
His brilliant wing on the Lilacs' bloom.

Then something strange in my bosom stirred
Like the restless wings of a captured bird,
And I'd lie there dreaming the whole night through
Of the wondrous things I would dare and do,
While siren voices seemed to call
My restless spirit away from all,
The charm and peace of the old back room
And the fragrance sweet of the Lilacs' bloom.

I little dreamed of the world of care
That lay beyond my visions there;
Of the disappointment, pain, and strife
That must weave themselves through the web of life;
But something stirs in my heart always
The hopes and dreams of by-gone days,
And the visions sweet of the back room,
When the Springtime comes and the Lilacs bloom!

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

I send with my birthday greeting
A message of love and cheer,
And wish you the Father's blessing
Through each succeeding year.
I wish they may all be brighter
Than those you have known as yet,
And dinna forget me, Laddie,
Dinna forget!

Oh the years will come and go Lad,
Like the Winter wind and snow,
And leave but a dim remembrance
Of faces that now we know,
But deep in my heart o'hearts Lad,
A gem in my memory set,
I'll treasure your deeds of kindness,
And Laddie, I'll not forget,
Dear Laddie, I'll not forget!

THE SHOEMAKER

The shoemaker sits on his little bench
In the shop across the way.
His face is wrinkled, his form is bent,
And his hair is thin and gray;
But the wrinkled face is a kindly one,
And under its ruddy hue,
There are signs of battles fought and won
With a heart and purpose true;
And whether the clouds hang high or low
He sings at his work all day,
Through Summer's heat and Winter's snow,
And keeps pegging, pegging away!

The shoemaker's shop is a queer old place,
Just a little hole in the wall,
Where the sunbeams struggle to find a space
To peep through the windows small.
The walls are hung with curious things,
And even the workmen's stools
Are strewn with leather and bits of string
And quaint old cobbler's tools.
The shoemaker's work seems never done
From dawn 'til the close of day,
And often the rays of the rising sun
Find him pegging, pegging away!

How often I've watched with curious eyes
The shoes he is brought to mend!
There are worn old slippers of every size
And of boots and shoes no end.
Some that have trodden on restless feet
Through the thorny paths of sin,
While others on errands of mercy sweet
Have grown wretchedly old and thin;
But it matters not to the cobbler man,
As he sings at his work all day,
Though the worn soles picture a spoiled life plan,
He keeps pegging, pegging away.

The shoemaker once had a little boy,
So I've heard the neighbors say,
A living bundle of life and joy
That played by his side all day;
But the Angel of Death on his tireless wing
Looked down one day and smiled,
And just as the trees were blossoming
They buried the little child.
The old man patiently bowed his head
O'er the spot where his loved one lay,
Then took up his life with its broken thread
And kept pegging, pegging away!

The joy had fled from the cobbler's life,
But he sang at his work and smiled,
And dreamed of his boy and the loving wife
Who lay sleeping beside their child;
And only the eyes of his friends could trace
As the swift years rolled along,
The lines of grief in the old man's face,
Or the minor chords in his song;
But this is the lesson I've learned, my dears,
From the cobbler old and gray,
Life was not given for idle tears,
So keep pegging, pegging away!

A REFLECTION

I love the glorious days of early Fall,
When earth and sky seem melting into one
Beneath the golden glory of the Autumn sun;
And when at night the hills the Sun has kissed
Lie wrapped in glistening folds of silver mist;
While the tired Earth,
Dropping her burden of grain and fruit,
Lies in the Sun's embrace, serene and mute.
It seems to me that then of all the days
God hath so richly crowned
With tenderness and love,
I catch beyond the morning's purple haze
Bright visions of the glorious home above;
And though I long to see Him face to face
I'll be content to tarry here awhile,
Since in the Autumn's rainbow hues I trace
Such bright reflections of my Father's smile.

AN ECHO OF SUMMER

Oh the Summer is past, and the birds have all flown,
But my heart claims their music and joy for its own,
For a gentle, sweet spirit seems lingering near,
Singing softly, " I love you, I love you, My Dear! "

And oft when I walk in the stillness of night,
The stars beam upon me so merry and bright,
I fancy the angels are hovering near,
Singing softly, " I love you, I love you, My Dear! "

Come joy or come sorrow, come sunshine or rain,
My heart is still singing this joyous refrain!
This must be the portal, for Heaven seems near,
Since you love me, I know, and I love you, My Dear!

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING

Lives there a man with heart attuned so low
He can no honor to his Maker show,

Who hath with tender mercies hedged his ways
And doth with loving kindness crown his days?

For him are given the sunshine and the rain,
The fruitful vineyards and the golden grain,

And Nature from her bounteous storehouse yields
The hidden treasures of her groves and fields.

And were he like the savage, Nature's child,
Roaming the forests and the prairies wild;

Had art nor culture yet to him been given
To woo his wayward footsteps up to Heaven, —

He still were blest, for God to all doth give
The right to labor, and 'tis joy to live!

What matter though in man's brief span of life
Come toil and trouble, times of care and strife?

The rudest storms their raging soonest cease,
And war-like weapons pave the path to Peace.

Where would the glory of our Nation be
Were there no adverse winds on land and sea?

'Twas spite of wind and wave and tempest's roar
Our Pilgrim Fathers landed on our shore,

And kneeling there upon the rock-bound coast
Returned their thanks for what we prize the most,

Our boasted freedom, and the right to toil
And rear their homes upon the fertile soil;

And from the ashes of their altar fires
Rise high today our Nation's gilded spires;

Our starry banner freely waves on high,
The Bird of Freedom proudly roams the sky,

And blessed shall our Nation ever be,
Lord God of Hosts, while we remember Thee!

THANKSGIVING DAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Lord of the Harvest! Now to Thee,
Whose blessings crown our days,
'Neath glittering dome and homely spire
We lift our songs of praise.

Rich are the gifts thou hast bestowed
In storehouse and in field;
Through perils great on land and sea
Our God hath been our shield.

And now around the festal board
Are gathered great and small;
Old friends long parted meet again
In cot and banquet hall.

The humblest homes have tribute paid
To grace the halls of state;
May this be aye our Nation's pride,
A manhood strong and great!

When Night her starry curtain draws
We'll gather kith and kin
And dance the festive hours away
To harp and violin.

And thus in town and country round
Shall all be bright and gay;
We'll render thanks and keep the feast
This glad Thanksgiving Day!

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

Far away 'neath the Orient skies,
  Near the dawn of a Winter day,
Fast asleep in a manger bed
  A little baby lay;

While close beside him resting,
  Her pale face bright with joy,
The weary mother softly slept
  Beside her little boy.

The camels knelt about them,
  And oxen meek and mild
Kept watch above the humble bed
  Of Mary and her child.

The shepherds kept their flocks by night
  On lonely plain and hill;
A strange, sweet peace was in the air
  And everything was still;

When suddenly from out the skies
  They heard the angels sing,
" Peace, peace on earth, good will to men
  All hail the newborn King! "

Then o'er the lowly manger bed
  The shepherds saw afar,
One golden, glorious beam of light,
  One bright, refulgent star!

Oh gentle King, so lowly born,
Whose star so wondrous bright
Shone out upon the sad old earth
That first sweet Christmas night,

Come reign again in human hearts
'Til nations strive no more,
And hushed in joyful hymns of praise
Are all the sounds of war!

'Til man to man shall brother be
And sin and striving cease,
Then o'er the earth shall shine again
The Christmas Star of Peace!

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Oh sad and sweet are the thoughts that come
  As the Old Year fades and dies,
But springing up from its ashes old
  New flames of hope shall rise.

Spend not the moments in vain regret
  For the days that lie behind;
The future days hold treasures rare
  And they who seek shall find.

So leaving the Old Year with its deeds,
  With heart and purpose true,
Accept the New Year as a gift
  That God hath sent to you.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

He spake, the Lord of all the earth,
From out the glowing skies;
He bade the grave its victim yield,
And called the dead to rise.

An angel rolled the stone away
And from the grave's deep gloom
The risen Lord in glory came
Triumphant from the tomb.

The lilies sprang to meet him
Along the sunlit way,
And Nature donned her floral robes
That golden Easter Day.

The birds flew forth on joyous wing,
God's messengers of peace,
To bid all weeping eyes look up
And hopeless sorrow cease.

And hence for aye the Easter-tide
This message sweet shall bring,
"The Grave no more hath victory,
And Death hath lost its sting!"

A BENEDICTION

Oh the years have come and gone, Dear,
As the years will come and go,
With their bridal wreaths of blossoms,
And their shrouds of Winter snow,
Since you passed to dreamless sleeping
And left me weeping here,
With your whispered benediction,
"Good Night, God bless you Dear!"

Yet oft when the night has fallen
And stars their watches keep
Where Nature's weary little ones
Lie wrapped in slumber deep,
I toss on my restless pillow,
And long your voice to hear,
While your loving arms enfold me,
"Good Night, God bless you Dear!"

Oh speak to me through the silence
Of the years that have rolled away;
Come and kneel once more beside me
As you used at close of day;
Lay your cool hand on my forehead,
Let me feel you bending near,
While you whisper softly, slowly,
"Good Night, God bless you Dear!"

And when at last across my path
The long dark shadows close,
And to this restless heart of mine
God grants his sweet repose,
I'll lay me down as one who sleeps,
Without a sigh or fear,
If only you will whisper then,
"Good Night, God bless you Dear!"

LONGING

The moonlight falls in slanting rays
  Along the old familiar ways,
Where oft I walk and idly gaze
  And try to pierce the misty haze
    That hides you!

I've wished no other's face to see,
  I've sought no other's company,
But patiently I wait for thee,
  Whose love is all the world to me,
    My treasure!

I've tried to lift the load of care
  And others' joys and sorrows share,
But often in the hour of prayer
  Your whispered name is all I bear
    To Heaven!

I've tried to speak the word of cheer,
  To make another's path less drear,
But oh, my heart so longs to hear
  Your whispered words so low and clear,
    "I love you Dear, I love you!"

"AFTERMATH"

Moonlight and starlight! Perfume of clover;
Shadows a flitting low on the grass.
Far in the distance birds flying over
Fan the soft air with their wings as they pass!

Moonlight and starlight! Musical voices;
Eyes that are beaming, tender and bright;
Sweetly the harp of the senses rejoices,
Heart tuned to heart in the stillness of night!

Moonlight and starlight! Visions of rapture,
Bright as the stars in the heavens above;
Blissful the moments the flying hours capture,
Kisses that linger and whispers of love!

. . . . .

Moonlight and starlight! Silence and sadness!
Joys like the Summer, too quickly depart,
Leaving in place of their beauty and gladness
Memories that fall like a cloud on the heart!

TO MY FRIEND LOUISE

The way seems dark, My Darling,
The clouds hang thick and gray,
But somewhere, just behind them,
There shines a brighter day;
And somewhere, sometime, Darling,
If we only trust and pray,
The day will break in splendor
And the shadows flee away!

Oh I know not what the future
Of our changeful lives may be,
Nor what of joy or sorrow
The years may bring to me;
But this I pray, My Darling,
Beyond Life's fitful sea,
My barque may find its harbor
And anchor close to thee.

THE HOME CALL

The grass grows damp in the meadow,
  The night turns chill and cold,
And all the hills and valleys
  Are wrapped in a misty fold;
And I hear a wild commotion
  Throughout each wooded crest,
Where the mother birds are calling
  Their young ones home to nest.

I love to watch their eager flight
  Across the darkening sky,
As home to the leafy shelter
  The weary nestlings fly;
And soon all their noisy chatter
  Is hushed under downy wings,
While over them the mother bird
  Her plaintive vesper sings.

And then in the hush of twilight
  Another voice I hear,
Floating across the meadow
  In accents sweet and clear;
And it seems to me its music
  Is near to the birds' akin,
As it rises and falls so gently,
  Calling the children in.

Down fall the noisy playthings,
The trumpet, ball, and drum,
As with many a laughing protest
The children homeward come;
And soon all their merry laughter
Is hushed in a trundle bed,
While over her sleeping darlings
The mother's prayers are said.

And musing alone in the silence
That closes the Summer day,
I think of the coming twilight,
When, weary of work and play,
I'll drop all my earthly playthings,
My burden of care and sin,
To answer the welcome summons,
When my Father calls, "Come in!"

A NATION'S PRAYER

FOR

President William McKinley

Dear Lord, as in the wilderness
Thy people cried in great distress,
And thou didst lend thine aid and bless,
So hear us now when cares oppress,
  And grant our Nation's prayer!

Forbid that o'er this land so bright
Should fall the curtains of the night
When Wrong shall triumph over Right,
And murderous hands put out the light
  Of Liberty and Peace.

Though stricken by the assassin's hand
Lies low the noblest of our land,
Oh may we as the Pilgrim band
Strong in thy truth still firmly stand,
  Cast down, but not destroyed!

Thou art the ruler of our fate;
In thee we trust, though perils great
Surround our gallant ship of state,
And all the land seems desolate
  For one we love laid low!

We will not fear, for bravely still
Our leader fights and fears no ill,
But calmly hopes and waits until
Shall be revealed thy sovereign will —
Our Nation's God and his!

OUR HERO

President William McKinley

Say not our hero died,
  Sweet be his sleep!
Pause not to murmur then,
  Pause not to weep!

For though his clay we lay
  Low 'neath the sod,
Back the triumphant soul
  Turns to its God.

His be the laurel crown,
  Nobly 'twas won!
His be the plaudit now,
  " Servant, well done."

Soldier and statesman, friend,
  Tender and true;
Oft shall the thought of thee
  Our faith renew.

Tell me not then " He died,"
  Whisper it never;
Lives spent in noble deeds
  Live on forever!

MY SOLDIER LADDIE

The Night Wind mourned for the dying day,
  As my brave young soldier laddie,
Shouldered his musket and marched away
Over the mountains cold and gray,
Down to the South where the foemen lay
Eagerly waiting the coming fray —
  My brave young soldier laddie!

How noble he looked in his suit of blue,
  My brave young soldier laddie!
As he turned to wave us a last adieu,
His eyes aflame with a purpose true,
Just as the last faint bugle blew
And the long line faded away from view, —
  My brave young soldier laddie!

Oh it seemed that his life had just begun,
  My brave young soldier laddie!
The moonlight gleamed on his sword and gun,
And we fondly prayed when the war was done
He would come again with his laurels won
Far beyond 'neath the Southern sun,
  My brave young soldier laddie!

But safe through battle and prison pen,
  Many a soldier laddie,
Back to his loved ones came again,
And great was the joy in the village then;
But who can picture our sorrow when

We missed from the ranks of marching men
My brave young soldier laddie!

But his dear old comrades love to tell
How my brave young soldier laddie,
Bearing the banner he loved so well,
Braving the tempest of shot and shell,
Straight in the teeth of the Rebel yell
Planted his standard, and dying fell —
My brave young soldier laddie!

They made a grave on the mountain steep
For my brave young soldier laddie;
Where 'round about him the ivies creep,
While down in the valley the willows weep,
And the sentinel pines their bivouac keep
Over the place where he lies asleep —
My brave young soldier laddie!

I know not the spot where he lies today,
My brave young soldier laddie!
But wrapped in the mists of the mountains gray
He waits for the dawn of the golden day,
When the Angel of Peace sounds the reveille,
And wars are banished for aye and aye —
My brave young soldier laddie!

MY LADY SILVA'S EYES

I love the gentle maiden
With eyes of Heaven's blue;
I adore the stately beauty
With orbs of somber hue;
But in simple adoration
My heart and soul bow down,
To the mischief-loving Silva
With sparkling eyes of brown!

I gaze into their lustrous depths
And fancy there I see
The glimmer and the shimmer
Of wild waves flowing free!
All the tender warmth and passion
Of the fair Italian skies
Are reflected as in mirrors
In my Lady Silva's eyes.

I watch their changeful beauty,
Now so tender, shy and sweet,
I long to throw my fortune,
Soul and body at her feet;
But then again they swiftly turn
And through the leafless trees
I seem to feel the chilling blast
Of cold November's breeze —

And though I know 'tis like the storm
That clouds the Summer skies,
And rainbow hues will soon return
To sparkle in those eyes,
My heart grows faint within me
And no ray of light I see,
'Til once again those dreamy orbs
Are smiling, turned on me.

Her voice is like the music
Of some old familiar tune,
Her laughter like the ripple
Of the meadow brooks in June;
But oh, for me the Summer sun
In darkness settles down
When Silva drops her lashes
O'er those lovely eyes so brown!

Oh I love the gentle maiden
With eyes of Heaven's blue,
I adore the stately beauty
With orbs of somber hue;
I like the gray-eyed lassie
With her love of books and art,
But 'tis aye the brown-eyed Silva
That captive takes my heart!

VIRGINIA

Virginia walked beside me
In the twilight's ruddy glow,
Through the cool and shady garden
Where the rose and lily blow.
The air was full of music
And the trees that waved above
Seemed full of tender voices
Gently whispering of love.

She plucked a blushing rosebud,
Breathed its perfume rich and rare,
And laughing, bade me place it
In her crown of shining hair.
I took the fragrant blossom,
Tried to place it as I ought,
But one rebellious ringlet
On its cruel thorn was caught!

In vain I sought to free it,
Cupid laid for me a snare,
And I found my fingers prisoned
By those clinging waves of hair.
My pulses throbbed with rapture wild
As captured birds will flutter;
My heart was full of tender words
My tongue refused to utter;

But love its own sweet language has
That all may understand,
And oft more eloquent than words
The pressure of a hand.
She raised to mine her lovely face,
'Twas blushing as the rose,
And o'er that trembling hand of mine
I felt her fingers close.

The rosebud bent to listen
To the words she whispered low,
And that garden glowed as Eden
In the long, long ago.
And still she walks beside me
When the evening shadows close,
Sweeter far than any blossom
Of the lily or the rose;

For there's naught in Art or Nature
Half so fair or half so good
As a winsome, gentle woman
With her crown of motherhood;
And to me she's fairer, dearer,
With our wee ones 'round her chair,
Than when I placed the blushing rose
In sweet Virginia's hair!

A QUESTION

I know that I do not love you,
But why through my throbbing veins
Does the warm blood leap and struggle
As though it would burst its chains —
Like a wild, fierce bird of freedom
That naught on this earth can tame,
Beating my throbbing temples
Whenever I hear your name?

I know that I do not love you,
But why should my pulses thrill,
And with sudden, strong emotion
My heart grow strangely still,
When out on the lonely highway,
Or crowded city street,
For only one brief second
Your earnest glance I meet?

I know that I do not love you,
But oft when the sun has set,
And flowers in the meadow sleeping
With Nature's tears are wet,
I muse alone in the twilight
With passionate, vain regret;
Ah, I say that I do not love you,
But why can I not forget?

IF I WERE A LITTLE GIRL

How often I wish when the day is done
  That I were a girl, a little girl;
I'd follow the path of the setting sun
When Night had pulled her curtains down,
Back through the meadows cool and sweet,
With the dewdrops bathing my weary feet,
  Into my mother's arms I'd creep
And sleep once more where I used to sleep,
  When I was a girl, a little girl!

I'd like to feel as I used to feel,
  When I was a girl, a little girl,
Her loving arms around me steal,
As down by her rocking-chair I'd kneel,
To sleepily murmur my evening prayer,
While her soft hand gently caressed my hair,
  And when I had spoken my last "Amen"
She would kiss me gently and whisper then,
  "God bless and keep you, my little girl!"

I'd like to lie where I used to lie,
  When I was a girl, a little girl;
And watch the feathery clouds float by,
Dreaming each star was an angel's eye
Set in the beautiful dome above,
A sign and symbol of God's own love,
  To watch and guard and protect me here,
And that Heaven itself was very near,
  When I was a girl, a little girl!

Oh safe in those sheltering arms shut in,
If I were a girl, a little girl,
Away from temptation, care, and sin,
Back to my heart there might come again,
Soothing its tempests of grief and pain,
All of my childish faith and trust
In the broken idols that turned to dust,
If the sorrowful years could backward whirl
And leave me again, just a little girl!

A PRAYER FOR OLD AGE

Time flies on wingèd winds along
  And bears us on our way,
So swiftly and so silently
  The years pass as a day.
The kindred hearts we hold so dear,
  The friends so true and kind,
Fall 'round us like the Autumn leaves
  And leave no trace behind;
Save in our hearts an aching void
  That time can never fill,
Though Memory soothes with patient hand
  And whispers " Peace, be still! "

Through infant's dawn and childhood's years
  The days seem full of joy,
For Hope paints bright with rainbow hues
  The day dreams of a boy;
But Duty calls with manhood's might,
  " Put childish things away,"
And blest are they whose willing feet
  Run swiftly to obey;
For though the path be rough and steep
  O'er which our feet may roam,
God sets above his Guiding Star
  To lead the wanderer home.

And when at last our weary feet
Cross o'er the Great Divide,
And youth and manhood slip away
Upon the other side;
When twilight shadows thickly fall
And turn to night the day;
And Time's remorseless fingers touch
And turn the gold to gray;—
God grant in peace and quietness
The years may settle down,
To hoary age, Life's recompense,
Its glory, and its crown.

LOVE'S KINGDOM

I know not how Love came and entered in,
So fast my heart was shut, and barred the door;
Love found the key, and though it were a sin,
Captured my store.

And now it seems so wonderful a thing,
That I, who once did scorn and laugh at Love,
Should own him as my Master and my King,
Sent from above.

And into such sweet thralldom am I cast
That I no more resistance make, nor care,
Save only that Love's kingdom 'til the last
Be pure and fair.

A LOVER'S REVERIE

Sometimes when the days seem long and hard
And my soul grows sick and faint
With the endless struggle to keep its guard
From the world's corrupting taint,
My thoughts turn back to a quiet spot
On the brow of a sunlit hill,
Where the girl I love in her humble cot
Is waiting for me still.

And I see her then as I saw her last,
With her face so sweet and fair
Framed in the halos the sunbeams cast
On her crown of shining hair;
And still in my airy fancy's glow
She seems so very near
I seem to hear her whisper low,
"God bless and keep you Dear!"

Oh the toilsome days may be long and hard
And my waiting time be long,
But her loving spirit standing guard
Shall keep me brave and strong;
And if only her face I may sometime see
When the evening shadows fall
With a tender welcome awaiting me,
Her love will atone for all.

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

Our Doctor, he's a jolly man,
He's awful kind and good,
He gives me sugar-coated pills
That taste like angels' food!
An' onct when I was awful sick
An' had the stumic-ache,
An' felt so mean an' queer inside
I thought my back would break,
He didn't give me castor ile
Like some old Doctors do;
I guess he 'members when he was
A little shaver too!

My sister had a rabbit onct;
'Twould sit up straight and beg,
An' one day it was hoppin' round
An' broke its little leg.
My sister she just cried and cried
As if her heart was broked,
But I just sat and swallored lumps
Until I nearly choked.
At last we took it down to Doc,
But he was awful bizzy,
He said he had so much to do
It almost made him dizzy;

But when he looked at sister's face
So watery and red,
He wiped his eyes and blew his nose
An' stroked her curly head;
An' then he says, " There now, my chile,
Now just you wait a minute,
We'll make a little plaster cast
An' put that Bunny in it! "
An' don't you think, that rabbit's leg
Could travel all the faster
When one day Doctor took his knife
An' cut away the plaster!

An' onct mamma was awful sick,
The house was still and sad;
It seemed as if we all had lost
The only friend we had.
We sent for Doctor awful quick
But when he went away —
Why, everybody brightened up
An' looked so kinder gay —
I asked my papa why it was
He seemed so full of joy,
But he just smiled at me and said,
" I've got another boy! "

I didn't know just what he meant,
But when I went upstairs
An' knelt beside my mother's bed
To say my evening prayers,
I found a little baby boy
All wrapped up fit to smother,
A lying there so fast asleep
Close snuggled up to mother!
I guess that's why folks love Doc so,
For sometime or another
He's brought most every kid in town
A sister or a brother.

An' sometimes I have heard folks say
What I don't understand,
That Doctors help folks into life
An' to the better land;
But everybody loves our Doc,
He's getting old and gray,
An' onct when I was loafin' round
I heard my father say,
That when our good old Doctor
Went to cross the golden strand
He knew the Great Physician there
Would lead him by the hand!

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
"SANDY JOE,"
"THE AUTUMN-COLORED PUP"

Poor Sandy Joe was a delicate pup,
He never was strong from his babyhood up,

And though he was patiently, tenderly reared,
He met with the untimely death which we feared;

And one Summer day as the tides ebb and flow
The breath left the body of poor Sandy Joe!

We gathered around him, all sorry and sad,
For poor Sandy Joe was the one pet we had.

Poor Calvin did weep and dear Bobby did wail,
While dear little Mildred clung tight to his tail;

And no living mortal might solace their woe
O'er the untimely taking of poor Sandy Joe!

I'm sure I can't say what it was caused his death,
But the Doctor he thought "'twas acute lack of breath."

We made him a grave 'neath the old orchard trees
Where the song of the birds and the hum of the bees,

And the tall grasses waving above his cold breast
Might soothe him to slumber and lull him to rest,

And the gentle South Wind sang a requiem low
O'er the last resting place of poor Sandy Joe!

A dear little Violet, tender but brave,
Kept watch by the side of poor Sandy's grave,

'Til Autumn came on with the chilly North breeze
And wove him a blanket of bright Autumn leaves;

And the Winter Wind came with his beautiful
snow
And made a white shroud for our poor Sandy Joe!

TO A ST. VALENTINE'S BABY

Oh sweet is the song of a mother bird
As she sits on her nest and sings,
With her little fledglings gathered close
Under her downy wings!

But sweeter far is the cradle song
Of a mother meek and mild,
Keeping watch at the twilight hour
Over her infant child;

While she gently rocks and softly sings,
"Hush! Hush! sweet baby mine,
God sent you Dear, as a gift of love
To be my Valentine."

MY LASSIE

So you'r gaun awa', my Lassie,
Awa frae the auld hame nest;
Each bird maun try her pinions,
May the brave wings stand the test!
And ye hae my blessing, Lassie,
Though my heart be lane and sair
When back to the nest at even'
My Lassie comes na mair!

It seems but yestreen, Lassie,
Since first ye ope'd your eye
And smiled like a bit o' sunshine
Frae out the bright blue sky,
When Daddy said, "Ah, Mither,
There's a new bird in the nest,"
As he laid my wee bit Lassie
Close to my throbbing breast.

Ye mind how I watched ye, Lassie,
Through all your helpless years,
When ye thought na lips but Mither's
Could kiss awa your tears?
Ah, me thought when auld and helpless
I'd lay me doon to dee
I still should hae my Lassie
To cheer and comfort me!

But I too hae loved, my Lassie,
And ne'er had cause to rue
The day I wed my Laddie,
He was sae gude, sae true!
So gae to your Lad, my Lassie,
Na doot 'tis better so,
But there's nae love like Mither's
To last through weel and woe!

For love comes easy, Lassie,
When skies are blue and bright,
But when the storm clouds gather
And darkly falls the night,
Then ye maun pull together
'Til skies again are blue,
And Love will brave the weather
If baith are staunch and true.

And soon I'll gae, my Lassie,
My life has passed its noon,
And when the night has fallen
I'll lay my burdens doon!
But dinna greet for Mither,
The years will quickly pass,
And I'll watch aboon with Daddy
Tae welcome hame my Lass.

THE SUBURBANITE DANCE

I'm not a prophet to hail with glee
From the sunny shores of the Zuyder Zee,
But often in fancy I think I see
What the future calls of the dance will be.

Stand on the corner for hours each day
And wait for a street car to come your way,
And when it appears with its groaning load,
Then "Step up lively" and "Haul aboa'd"!

Next, reach out wildly and grab a strap,
If you mash somebody don't care a rap!
Drop your bundles and do your stunt,
Mind the conductor and " Move up front! "

Waltz to the center, swing gaily round;
If you possibly can, keep a foot on ground,
If there's no available spot revealed
Just plant your foot on the next corn field —

It's the other fellow's, it won't hurt you,
And feet are plenty but spaces few!
When the car bumps over the railroad track
Chassé to the center and then swing back.

Keep your temper and keep your nerve,
While the car swings gaily around each curve;
" Swing your partner," pull and haul,
When they slip the trolley " Balance all "!

" Salute your neighbor "; isn't it strange,
At every corner your partners change!
Don't glare wildly like one bereft,
Step up lively, grab right and left!

" Swing off your corner," " Look out, don't fall! "
Is the last great step in the Traction Ball,
If you want amusement come every night
To the dance of the Merry Suburbanite!

COLUMBIA AND THE PRINCE

A stately Prince from the Fatherland
Sailed out from the German shore,
And knocked one day with jeweled hand
On fair Columbia's door.

The fair young Nation beamed with pride
And wide her portals threw
To her royal guest from the other side
And his princely retinue.

She wore no purple robes of state,
No costly, jeweled crown,
Though 'round her head a smiling Fate
Wove chaplets of renown.

Upon her walls no armor hung,
No glistening coats of mail;
Though far and wide her praise was sung
Wherever gleamed a sail.

She feared no foe on land or seas,
But fear her well they might,
For where her banners kissed the breeze
Oppression took its flight.

She welcomed all with friendly hand,
The hardy sons of Toil,
The poor, oppressed of every land
Found peace upon her soil.

With kindliest hospitality
Her brightest and her best
She spread with simple courtesy
Before her royal guest.

" Oh fair Columbia, ocean's gem,"
His Royal Highness cried,
"An Emperor doffs his diadem
And clasps your hand with pride! "

" Not for the crown upon thy head,
Nor for thy high estate;
We welcome you," Columbia said,
"As noble, good, and great! "

THE ROSE'S SECRET

A beautiful rose in a garden grew
In the soft and balmy air,
And wandering lonely the garden through
I found it blowing there.

Its lovely face turned toward the sky,
It breathed a perfume rare;
A dewdrop gleamed in its yellow eye
Like gems in a maiden's hair.

Its subtle perfume filled my soul,
No mortal could resist it;
Its beauty o'er my senses stole —
I lowly bent and kissed it.

And then to hide its blushing face
So modestly it tried,
By folding close its lovely leaves
It wrapped my kiss inside.

Then from its stem I snatched the flower
And fervently caressed it;
The breezes sighed a soft "Amen"
As tenderly I blessed it.

So take it Dear, this token true,
And on your bosom wear it,
And when the bud unfolds for you
You'll find the kiss, I swear it!

A MESSAGE FROM THE DAISIES

I wandered by the river side
  Where wild the blossoms grew.
The song of birds was in the air,
  And soft the South Wind blew.

The smile of God was everywhere,
  So tender and so sweet,
It seemed to fill the sky above,
  The earth beneath my feet.

I thought of Him who lonely walked
  By sadness oft oppressed,
And seemed to hear His loving call,
  "Come unto me and rest!"

The daisies reared their golden heads
  And smiling seemed to say
That Solomon in all his pride
  Was never robed as they.

And if He clothe the grasses green,
  The flowers that grow so wild,
Will He much more in tender love
  Still guard and keep His child!

I plucked the daisies from their stems,
  They breathed a message true;
God guards and keeps these little ones
  And He will care for you.

THE OLD HAND ORGAN MAN

I like the old hand organ
An' the tunes the old man plays,
An' the funny little monkey
With his cunning tricks and ways.
They allus make folks happy
An' cheer up a feller so
When he wants t' go in swimmin'
An' his mother tells him "No!"

Pa says that old hand organ man
Is lazy, mean, and low,
That it's sinful waste and wicked
To spend my pennies so;
He says I orter save 'em
For ter send from zone to zone
The Gospel to the heathen
Bowin' down to wood an' stone!

Pa's worried 'bout the heathen,
An' I'll help 'em all I can,
But I forget about 'em
When that old hand organ man
Gets out there in our alley
An' the organ 'gins ter play,
While the monkey begs for pennies
In his coaxin' little way;

An' I see poor orphan Billie
With the spine run through his back,
An' a hump between his shoulders

Like an old pack peddler's pack,
An' his eyes so black a shinin'
Like two monstrous lumps of coal,
With the pain and trouble peepin'
Through them winders of his soul!

He sits there still and patiently
Through all the lonely day,
Just waitin' for that organ man
Ter come along and play;
An' when he sees that monkey
An' he hears that merry tune
His smile is like the ripples
On the meadow brooks in June!

He forgets that he's a cripple
An' his face lights up with joy,
As if he too could run and play
Like any other boy.
I like ter see him happy
An' that's why I sorter plan
To save up all my pennies
For the old hand organ man;

An' sometimes I have wondered
If the Good Man up above,
When He looks down on His children
With His heart so full of love,
If I make poor Billy happy
Will not know and understan'
That my pennies are not wasted
On the old hand organ man!

THE PANSY

I love the humble wayside flower,
The rose's blushing beauty;
The stately lily, fair and tall,
Gives thoughts of love and duty;
But when my heart is lone and sad,
Among the thyme and tansy,
I seek my little comforter,
The humble garden Pansy.
I lift to mine each smiling face,
So shy, so sweet and tender,
I fancy they have suffered too,
Such comfort sweet they render.

I mind the days of shade and shine,
The nights, when Tempests reigning,
The patient Pansies bowed their heads
But none were heard complaining;
And when the morn in splendor broke,
With softer breezes blowing,
The gentle flowers, refreshed and fair,
With brighter tints were glowing.
I know they feared the chilling blasts,
The drenching rain and dew;
The Master Artist spared them not
To paint the colors true.

And thus it is in life I ween,
From dawn 'til day is ended,
The weal and woe, the calm and strife
Like Pansy tints are blended;
With days of toil and nights of pain,
With times of joy and sorrow;
With cherished hopes of promised gain
That die in grief tomorrow;
But oh, I know the Master's hand
Each touch in love hath given,
To make the patient heart reflect
The rainbow hues of Heaven.

THE PASSING REGIMENT.

Once more the days in ceaseless round
  Have brought us on our way,
Back to the dear old camping ground
  This fair September day;
And through the mists of by-gone years,
  And shadows cold and gray,
I see the boys of Sixty-one
  The day they marched away.

I hear the tramp of marching feet,
  The scream of fife and drum,
As swiftly down the quiet street
  The swinging columns come.
Their starry banners kiss the breeze,
  Their silken pennants wave;
Ah, never summer sun looked down
  On regiment more brave.

Fond mothers stand with tearful eyes
  To wave a last "Adieu,"
And feeble fathers watch with pride
  Their gallant boys in blue.
The few good-byes are quickly said,
  "March on," the order rings,
And forward down the dusty streets
  The sturdy column swings.

Their ranks are full, their courage high,
  Their hearts are stout and brave,
For ne'er shall patriot spirits quail
  Before a soldier's grave.
Yet life as sweet and precious was
  To manhood then as now,
And fair Ambition's mark was set
  On every lip and brow.

How generous, how kind they were,
  As side by side they stood!
Earth knows no stronger tie today
  Than soldier brotherhood.
Their gallant deeds, Ah, who shall tell?
  Or who their record write,
Who fell along the weary march
  Or perished in the fight!

Once more I hear the tramp of feet;
  Once more the bugles play;
Once more upon our quiet streets
  The soldiers march today.
Once more the solemn roll is called;—
  Unbidden falls the tear,
For few of all that manly host
  Are left to answer "Here!"

Dear loyal hearts! God keep you all
  Safe sheltered in His love,
Until across Death's narrow stream

You reach the camps above,
And when the Great Commander calls,
God grant that each of you,
May rally with your regiment
To pass the Grand Review!

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